

EDITED BY  
ISAAC D. G. NELSON,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY  
JONES & COLEBICK,  
IN THE THIRD STORY OF BARNET & HANNA'S  
NEW BUILDING, COLUMBUS STREET;

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FOR ALL Letters on business must be post paid  
or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements inserted for Ten cents per  
line for three weeks—Five cents for each three  
subsequent insertions; when consisting of ten lines  
or over, no advertisement inserted for more  
than \$1. Job Work done on the usual terms.

## THE MUSE.

### HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES, O LORD OF HOSTS."

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrows, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

How beautiful, how beautiful!

The land of promised safety,  
Where Shara's rose ceaseless bloom,  
And Gilad's trees of balm;

Where every fear is wiped away.

And every wrong redressed;

Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

How beautiful where cherubs form  
With cherubs voices sing;

And the seraph veils a face of joy  
Beneath his folded wings;

Where saints spirits merrily bow,

Their sins and sorrows done;

Their burthen borne, the battle fought;

The victor's garb'd arm.

Why lovest thou then a sin-stained earth  
When art fittered to roam  
Than our sunning isle of light  
Each starry isle a home.

Where glorious shapes in vision bright,  
The pale branch in each hand,  
With shout of joy, and whispered love,  
In radiant myrtles stood.

Home of the pure and innocent!

Where spirits live and love;

Home, where the body and the just,

A soul's energies prove.

Home of the Christians' noble hope,  
The Christian's ardent prayer;  
Who would the humble hope forgo  
For all that's certain here?

## THE GOLD RING.

I have one of the kindest husbands; he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the loudest fathers in the country. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G.—T.—made me his wife; I thought so myself. Our wedding day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together, for the space of six years. And although for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long, dark days and nights, that came between; for two years of our union were years of misery. I will remember the first glories of intoxicating drink that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea & sugar for the family; there were three cents left over, and a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in town, and had told him that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saving the life of a mariner, who is tossed up on the waves.

The Clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges; the Deacon was of the same opinion; he thought very ill of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the drunk seller was as sure of it, as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought he had lost all my affection for one, who had proved so entirely regardless of those, whom he had duty to protect and sustain; but when I looked in the faces of my little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds soon taught me the strength of the principle that had brought us together. I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt, when the sensible took him in hand, upon the drunk-seller's execution. Till that moment, I did not believe, that my affliction could have survived under the pressure of that misery, when he had brought upon us all. I put up such things of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot, where I had been very happy and very wretched. One five little children followed weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh, George," said I, "you had only signed the pledge what would have come to this?" He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village, we encountered our Clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that, if he had done so, he might have been the kind father and affectionate husband that he once was, I own it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions.—

"Whether are you all going?" said the minister. "My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I suffered myself, that he would never do so again. But, in a very little time, either the Deacon was short of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home even more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in, that night. We had waited supper a full hour, for he had eaten the tea-pot was standing at the fire, and the banisters were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance in his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and, after I had laid out little ones to rest, I layd down at the foot of the bed, on which my now misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were sealed with the bitter tears I had over shed. For I then foresaw, that unless some remedy could be employed, by best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him on the subject, in a bold way; and, though I could

# FORT WAYNE SENTINEL.

VOLUME I.

FORT WAYNE IA., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1841.

NUMBER 47.

From the New York  
LETTERS FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN, NO. III.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

GIBRILLAR, February 27, 1841.

As the winds are unfriendly for my passage to the Moorish Coast, I give you a glance at the fortifications here—which after all, no description can do justice to.—Galleries gorged out of the solid rock, certain batteries perched on dizzy platforms, covered ways now winding in zig-zag up the steep face of the rock—then dashing down steps that are as nearly perpendicular as steps can be—sometimes lost in the long subterranean passages only lighted by port-holes cut through the solid rock, and again emerging on a green bank, in the glorious sunshine—a little nook perhaps carpeted with thick short grass, and walled in by rough craggy cliffs or other batteries, yet so bright and singular that the pugnacity of war seemed placed there in grim contrast, rather than for actual use.

Henry Coleyman.

**The Wife.**—The timorous affection which conceals itself from the eye of the sun and of men, not daring to taste of enjoyment save in remote solitude and deep seclusion; yet, if torn rudely, by some cruel chance into light, will show itself more courageous, strong, and resolute, than any of our loud and ostentatious passions.

It is said the other beggars in

Washington have absolutely taken

to picking each other's pockets of

letters of recommendation. Several

have been detected.

**Miss Wilberforce.**—When we had appointed our party set out. Three of us walked—the fourth a pony; only he would never let the trouble to write, as some one said of him—was on horseback, attended by a servant, one of those 'scorpion' Englishmen who could hardly speak the language. We rallied Mr. N. on his aristocracy, when we first set out, in taking a horse—a horse was the only quarry that in Gibraltar was thought to have a taste for the military ways we were about entering—on—not in any case, much was to be seen that was too hard even for a donkey. Still the surprising labor that has been devoted to the purpose, has enabled even horses to attain the summit of the mountain proper, tho' not exactly the highest peak. At an arched gateway of the old Moorish castle, we found a sergeant in the livery of his sovereign lady, Victoria, who set a consideration, was very willing to perform the duty assigned him—that of conducting us through the excavations.

Passing along a 'covered' way, which was a round, ditch down on one side, the surface, as to life, in the observation of any one a few rods off, we came to a gate, the side of the mountain. Our

curious serpent unloosed this, and we entered a gallery some twelve feet wide and as many high. On the left were in due succession several embrasures. Some of these were monstrously rough; others mere notches, according to the distance of the passage from the outside of the rock, which probably averaged twenty feet. In each of these embrasures was a canon.

These fortresses in the face of the rock are the only evidence of the military strength that is shown on the outside of that section of the mountain. Our friend, Mr. N., kept his horse throughout the first and most of the second, gallery—occasionally dismounting to leap down from the embankment 500 or 600 feet perpendicular into the bay that slantingly, darkly, beautifully looks over the base of the mountain. I do not know that the quotation is correct; as I have a talent for getting them wrong, but I am sure the description is. The day was calm, and the tempestuous waves were smooth as a mirror. At the termination of the first 'covered' way, a narrow terrace had been constructed a battery. Nothing could be nearer than the well-kept guns—the stately monument that supported the 'cannon'—the well-built stone wall their muzzles safely peeped over—the high pyramid of balls—and what delighted my eyes much more than all that, the green sand that filled up the rest of narrow space. It was so still and quiet, that one was almost persuaded these engines of war had got lost by some accident and had been forgotten.

[Rochester Daily Advertiser 13 inst.]

Two cotton wagons meetings on the road to Augusta, Ga., the following dialogue took place between the drivers:

'What's cotton in August?' says the one with a load.

'Cotton,' says the other.

The enquirer, supposing himself not to be understood, repeats 'What's cotton in August?'

'It's cotton,' says the other.

'I know that,' says the first, 'but what is it?'

'Why,' says the other, 'I tell you it is cotton! Cotton is cotton in August and every where else that ever I heard of.'

'I know that as well as you,' says the first, 'but what does cotton bring in August?'

'Why, it brings nothing there, but every body brings cotton.'

'Look here,' says the first wagoner, with an oath, 'you had better leave the State, for I'll be—if you don't know too much for Georgia.'

'Is Jonathan Dumpy here,' asked a raw country fellow, bolting into a city printing office, 'I don't know such a man,' replied the foreman. 'Don't you know him?' exclaimed Jonathan, 'why he courted my sister?'

**Report.**—Is this your house and home? asked a neighbor of a farmer as he saw him boarding up a big pen.

'No,' replied the farmer, 'I'm only boarding here.'

I had forgotten you at the bottom of a deep well that lets you into a chamber, cut into all the rest of the hard rock, and called Lord Cornwallis Hall. There embassies in this artificial cavern are owned by as many guns carrying sixty-four pound shot. Our guide explained some peculiar merits in the construction of their embassies; and some of the party affected to understand it and look edified; but I, who never could be made to comprehend any piece of machinery more complicated than a pony-whistle, preferred looking out at the rocks that advanced on

not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened; and regardless of us all. How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone, at my one happy fire-side, listening to the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and, finding him alone, I stated my husband's case and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for, if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it, and he doubted if my husband could make that good for him. I quoted Scripture to show that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things, which did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon privately advised me to go home, and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing Farmer Johnson's on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself for a few minutes, in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field; and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks, that passed between the good man and his wife, and when I remembered, that we were married on the very same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and Farmer Johnson, in a kindly manner, led me closer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remebered, that it was often darkest before daylight. The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I had often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and a year later, being in the habit of taking a little spirits every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but shortly after his marriage, he became bound for a neighbor, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare, that, when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles, which are secured to the poor man by law, and when he considered how ill his poor wife was, at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only a month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in town, and had told him that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saving the life of a mariner, who is tossed upon the waves.

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slowly move without uttering a word. I remained, even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; but it is not more needful, for your dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny, and me. It is not easy to measure the degree of happiness, but, into it altogether, this is the greatest blessing of my life.

There is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repents, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife with a husband that was lost and is found. In this summer the two months went away. In addition to this common labor, he found time to cultivate the garden and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house. It was soon understood, that my husband had returned, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject for the gibes and sneers of the large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, let me show you my husband's gray mare and yellow wagon. The kind-hearted farmer was enough for any constable in the village. He shook my husband by the hand, and when he began to weep, he said, "My friend, you are the same kind friend." "Get it off," said he, "and let me have the words about it. I must be home in a free, for, turning to me, "your old schoolmate, Susan, my wife, will sit a crying at the window, till she sees you all safe home again." Saying this, he whipped up the gray mare, who regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she intented into the spirit of the whole transaction.

The year soon passed away; and on the very day twelve months, on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, Farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up, and kissed his father, and turning to Farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "does not your old words about your wife, Susan, still live in your heart?" Farmer Johnson opened the book, my husband signed the pledge of the society, and, with tears brimming over, gave me back my mother's gold ring. "Dear Jenny," said I, "you had only signed the pledge what would have come to this?" He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village, we encountered our Clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that, if he had done so, he might have been the kind father and affectionate husband that he once was, I own it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions.—

Rousseau, when dying ordered his attendants to place him before the window that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Rousseau expired at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of *Heraclitus*. Balley, then feeling his pulse, said, "He is dead." Balley then feeling his pulse, said, "He is dead." Walter died repeating some lines of Virgil. "Last dying" refers to Cardinal Cyprian was indicative of the gloom which haunted him the day he died. He said, "I will collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his *Judicium Iustitiae*. Leathis was found dead in his chamber with a book in his hand. Glareanus' pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life. Glareanus had a Hall made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his deathbed, lying in great anguish. Whether when dying, his wife, young wife brought to his bedside and laying him back, in a very solemn manner, said he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. Keats, a little before he died, when his friend asked him, did repeat in a low voice, "Better, my friend, I feel the daisies growing over me."

**GARDENING—TO THE LADIES.**  
In our last number we promised to find both the time and made for ornamental gardening; and we shall do them both in one intelligible word—*inclination*. We know of one poor woman who lives in a log cabin, does all her own work, takes care of four children and a baby, for whose support she takes in washing. In front of her door you may see a neatly attended border of flowers, the seeds bought with a few hard earned pence, and planted and wedged after the toils of day were over, or in a few stolen moments before her children are up in the morning. We remember, too, another wash-woman whose windows were curtained on the outside with scarlet beans and morning glories;—and whose double haws, marigolds, and sweet peas, often drew a look of admiration towards her otherwise cheerless dwelling.—So much for instances among the very poor. Among those to whom fortune has been favorable we know of one matron who has reared a large family of children, and whose hands of course were full of domestic care, whose garden and grounds have yet been the admiration and ornament of the neighborhood; and in

the wholesome, spirit-stirring exercise attendant on the cultivation of New England, is thirty bushels. It is not difficult to produce fifty, to an acre rating the rough fodder equal to a ton of English hay, and the grain at seventy cents per bushel the return may be considered, yet delightful ornaments they afford—a dwelling surrounded by them is one of the most engaging traits in woman.

Surely these are instances enough to convince every one that inclination can supply both time and money.

The beautiful productions of nature are so abundant, that the peasant can afford the cheap, yet delightful ornaments they afford—a dwelling surrounded by them is one of the most engaging traits in woman.

We know there are some that feel a distaste for the more common flowers and shrubbery, that any body and every body can have.

Would we afford to keep a green house, they say, and to purchase plants really worth having, we might feel some interest in the thing, but these every day affairs are not worth the raising.

Such show that they have no genuine love and appreciation of the beautiful creations of nature, but regard them merely as matters for ostentation and display.

Let the fragrant myrtle, or the spiced pomgranate, or the pomegranate flower, be the flower of the open field and bringing every charm in their eyes; and the stupid cabbage that ever vegetated, might become elegant by becoming so rare that only the possessors of thousands could own it.

They who have a genuine love of nature, must have something if they cannot possess the costliest, and most elegant, they will have the cheap and the humble, and are thankful that the Author of nature is aristocrat, but that he has shed a grace and beauty on the more common of his works, far superior to that which adorns the rarer ones.

We would that we could point our readers to the gardens of some of our female friends, where a beautiful show of flowers and shrubbery has been created with scarce an item of expense.

Our friend Mrs. A. is an example—will you walk with me into her shrubbery a few moments? See that noble rose geranium, it was the growth of a slip sent to her in a box, and cultivated by herself till it has reached its present size—those honeysuckles that entwine the porch, were at first small cuttings taken from the vines of a friend, but if they cannot possess the costliest, and most elegant, they will have the cheap and the humble, and are thankful that the Author of nature is aristocrat, but that he has shed a grace and beauty on the more common of his works, far superior to that which adorns the rarer ones.

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"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

How beautiful, how beautiful,

The land of promised calm,  
Where Sharon's roses ceaseless bloom,  
And Gilead's trees of balm;

Where every tear is wiped away,

And every wrong redressed;  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

How beautiful where cherub forms  
With cherub voices sing;  
And the seraph veils a face of joy  
Beneath his folded wing;

Where sainted spirits meekly bow,  
Their sins and sorrows done;  
The buriel borne, the battle fought,  
The victor's garland won.

Why love we then a sin-stained earth  
When fetterless to roam  
To ours among you isle of light  
Each starry isle a home.

Where glorious shapes th' vesture bright,  
The palm branch in each hand,  
With shout of joy, and whispered love,  
In radiant myriads stand.

Home of the pure and innocent!  
Where spirits live and love;  
Home, where the body and the just,  
A Saviour's mercies prove.

Home of the Christians humble hope,  
The Christian's ardent prayer;  
Who would butumblest hope furo  
For all that's certain here?

### THE GOLD RING.

I have one of the kindest husbands; he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G— T— made me his wife: I thought so myself. Our wedding day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together, for the space of six years. And although for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long, dark days and sad nights, that came between for two years of our union were years of misery.

I well remember the first glass of intoxicating drink that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea & sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change, and unluckily, the Deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in his till; and, as it was a sharp frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth, of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed, and as neighbor Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise, till we have paid off the Squire's mortgage," he gave me a harsh look and bitter word. I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came to kiss me, and I discovered that he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly, and going to learn the cause. I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knees, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself, that he would never do so again. But, in a very little time, either the Deacon was short of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in, that night. We had waited supper full hour, for his return; the tea-pot was standing at the fire, and the banjocks were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and, after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were sealed with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that unless some remedy could be employed, by best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him upon the subject, in a mild way; and, though I could

and burst into tears; and the minister rode

slowly away without uttering a word. I rejoiced, even in the midst of our misery, to see that he was becoming hardened; and careless of us all. How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone, at my once happy fire-side, listening to the lashing latches, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and, finding him alone, I stated my husband's case and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, if he did not sell it; some other person would sell it; and he doubted if my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things, which did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon civilly advised me to go home, and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself for a few minutes, in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field; and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks, that passed between the good man and his wife; and when I remembered, that we were married on the very same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, made me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember that it was often darkest before daylight. The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I had often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirits every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but shortly after his marriage, he became bound for a neighbor, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare, that when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles, which are secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was, at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only a month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favor of pledges, and had often told him that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saves the life of a mariner, who is tossed up on the waves.

Our Clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges: the Deacon was of the same opinion: he thought very ill of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the dram seller was as sure of it, as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for one, who had proved so entirely regardless of those, whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but, when I looked in the faces of our little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds soon taught me the strength of the principle he had brought us together. I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt, when the constable took him to jail, upon the dram-seller's execution. Till that moment, I did not believe, that my affection could have survived under the pressure of that misery, when he had brought upon us all. I put up such things of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot, where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh, George," said I, "you had only signed the pledge it would not have come to this." He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village, we encountered our Clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that, if he had done so, he might have been the kind father and affectionate husband that he once was, I own it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions.—"Whither are you all going?" said the minister. My husband, who had always appeared extremely humble, in presence of the priest, and replied to all his inquiries, in a subdued tone of voice, with unusual firmness, "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he, "see how it is; you have wasted your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidence and folly. You have had the advantage of my receipt and example, and you have turned a deaf ear to the one and neglected the other." "Reverend Sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproof, which appeared to him, at that particular moment, an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "reverend sir, your receipt and your example have been my ruin; I have followed them both. You, who had no experience of the temptations, to which your dear brethren are liable, who are already dedicated to the temperate and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign the pledge. I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted it extraordinary occasions might justify the use of intoxicating drinks, and that, on such occasions, you might use it yourself. I followed your example; but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors, without finding that my occasion were more extraordinary than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of my neighbor Johnson, I should not have a wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears; and the minister rode

Rousseau, when dying ordered his attendants to place him before the window that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Roscommon uttered, at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of *Dies irae*. Haller died fearing his pulse, and when he felt it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend the artery ceases to beat, and died. Petracchini had many fears, that he would fall back into his former habits, whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the Deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger and gave it to me, the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest, we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring: I never loved you more than when you wore it over, it, when you first told me the story of your mother's death; it was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring."

Memory hurried me back, in an instant to the scene, the bank upon the river's side, where we sat together, and agreed upon our wedding day. I brought down the ring and handed me with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his little finger, that I did so; not however, without a trembling hand and misgiving heart. "And now, Jenny," says he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me." My mind was not in a happy state for I felt some doubt of his intentions. From a little hill at the back of the cottage, we had a fair view of the deacon's store. I went up to the top of it; and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions, standing at the store door, with glasses in their hands; and as my husband came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh George," said I, though I knew he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife and your starving children!" My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop and turn toward the door. He shook hands with his old associates: they appeared to offer him their glasses; I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God," said I, and ran down the hill, with a light step, and seizing my baby at the cottage door, I literally covered it with kisses and bathed it in tears of joy.—About ten o'clock, Richard Lane, the Squire's office boy, brought a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night, "as he was at work at the Squire's barn." Richard added, that the Squire had engaged him for two

months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. I have prayed for you, dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degree of happiness; but, take it altogether, this, I think was happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repents, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife over a husband that was lost and found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to this common labor; he found time to cultivate his garden and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house. It was soon understood, that my husband had recovered, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject for the gibes and sneers of a large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, let them laugh who are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came in from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbor Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship with each other. One evening, farmer Johnson said to my husband, that he thought it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge; that he did not advise it when he first began to leave off intoxicating drinks, for he feared his strength might fail him. "But now," said he, "you have continued five months without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause, that you should sign the pledge." "Friend Johnson," said my husband, "when a year has gone safely by, I will sign the pledge." For five months, instead of the pledge, I have in every trial and temptation—and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of those words—I have relied upon this gold ring to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have looked upon this ring; I have remembered that it was given, with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; and, under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved, thus far, the life-boat of this downing man.

The year soon passed away; and on the very day twelve months, on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance book. We all sat down to the tea table together.—After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and turning to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "he does not smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler, since we rode home in your yellow wagon." The farmer opened the book, my husband signed the pledge of the society; and, with tears in his eyes, gave me back—ten times more precious than ever—my mother's gold ring.

### LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GE-

NIUS.

Rousseau, when dying ordered his attendants to place him before the window that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Roscommon uttered, at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of *Dies irae*. Haller died fearing his pulse, and when he felt it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend the artery ceases to beat, and died. Petracchini had many fears, that he would fall back into his former habits, whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the Deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger and gave it to me, the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest, we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring: I never loved you more than when you wore it over, it, when you first told me the story of your mother's death; it was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring."

GARDENING—TO THE LA-

DIES.

In our last number we promised to

find born the time and mode for

ornamental gardening—and we shall

find them both in one intelligible

word—*inclination*.

We know of one poor woman who lives in a log cabin, does all her own work, takes care of four children and a baby, for whose support she takes in washing. Yet in front of her door you may see a neatly attended border of flowers, the seeds bought with a few hard earned pence, and planted and wedged after the toils of day were over, or in a few stolen moments before her children are up in the morning. We remember, too, another wash-women whose windows were curtained on the outside with scarlet beans and morning glories;—and whose double balsams, marigolds, and sweet peas, often drew a look of admiration towards her otherwise cheerless dwelling.—So much for instances among the very poor. Among those to whom fortune has been favorable we know of one matron who has reared a large family of children,—and whose hands of course were full of domestic care, whose garden and grounds have yet been the admiration and ornament of the neighborhood; and in

the wholesome spirit-stirring exercise attendant on the cultivation of plants and shrubbery, she has found both recreation and rest when wearied with family cares.

Surely these are instances enough to convince every one that inclination can supply both time and money: The beautiful productions of nature are so abundant, that the poor can afford the cheap, yet delightful ornaments they afford—a dwelling unadorned by their presence can only be accounted for by supposing its fair inmates destitute of that love of the beautiful, which is one of the most engaging traits in woman.

We know there are some that effect a distaste for the more common flowers and shrubbery, that any body and every body can have.—Could we afford to keep a green house, they say, "and to purchase plants really worth having, we might feel some interest in the thing, but these every day affairs are not worth the raising." Such show that they have no genuine love and appreciation of the beautiful creations of nature, but regard them merely as matters for ostentation and display.—Let the fragrant myrtle, or the pomegranate, once become common flowers, adorning the open field and fringing every charm in their eyes; and the stupid cabbage that ever vegetated, might become elegant by becoming so rare that only the possessors of thousands could own it! They who have a genuine love of nature, must have something if they cannot possess the costliest and most elegant, they will have the cheap and the humble, and are more courageous, strong, and resolute, than any of our loud and ostentatious passions.'

It is said the office beggars in Washington have absolutely taken to picking each other's pockets of letters of recommendation. Several have been detected.

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with cry of 'Miss Wilberforce forever' when she observed

"I thank you, gentlemen; but I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

CASE OF SEDUCTION.—A case of seduction came up yesterday in the Circuit Court now in session in this city, his honor, Judge Dayton presiding, in which Rachel Shermerhorn was plaintiff, and Thomas T. Howe was defendant. It seems the plaintiff was a cousin of defendants—was induced by him to leave her home, in the eastern part of the state and to become a member of defendant's family in Lockport. Some months after, defendant's wife died, and plaintiff took charge of his family. Was then seduced by a promise the defendant broke by marrying another. The suit was brought for a breach of promise. The testimony having been gone through the court declined giving a formal charge whereupon the jury retired, and in a few minutes returned with a verdict of \$1000 for the plaintiff.

[Rochester Daily Advertiser 13 inst.]

TWO cotton wagons meetings on the road to Augusta, Ga., the following dialogue took place between the drivers:

"What's cotton in Augusta?" says the one with a load.

"Cotton," says the other.

The enquirer, supposing himself not to be understood, repeats "What's cotton in Augusta?"

"It's cotton," says the other.

"I know that," says the first, "but what is it?"

"Why," says the other, "I tell you it is cotton. Cotton is cotton in Augusta and every where else that ever I heard of."

"I know that as well as you," says the first, "but what does cotton bring in Augusta?"

"Why, it brings nothing there, but every body brings cotton."

"Look here," says the first wagoner, with an oath, "you had better leave the State, for I'll be—if you don't know too much for Georgia."

"Johnathan Dumpy here," asked a raw country fellow, bolting into a city printing office, "I don't know such a man," replied the foreman. "Don't you know him?" exclaimed Jonathan, "why he courted my sister?"

REPORT.—Is this your house and home? asked a neighbor as he saw him boarding up a pig pen.

"No," replied the farmer, "I'm only boarding here."

COLORED POPULATION OF PENNSYLVANIA.—There are 25,549 negroes in the city and country of Philadelphia. A house of refuge is proposed. There are 50,000 negroes in the State. Of every nine

each side, high and steep, like projecting towers were thrown forward to protect an entrance. There was no entrance there, however. The rock rose like a castle wall from the water's edge some 600 feet, with no other show of military defence on the outside than the windows the guns were looking out of so sedately. St. George's Hall is larger, and occupies a kind of natural tower of the rock; for the six cannon it contains are ranged on opposite sides of the hall. These are only twenty-four pounds, the general calibre of the guns.

We had traversed about a mile of these under-ground passages, and were satisfied—though we had not explored them all—to go on to the signal station in upper air. On noticing some pieces of agate that we saw in the rock, we were told that a whole elevation, prepared to be human, was found embedded in limestone by some workmen engaged in blasting on the east side of the rock. It is certain that bones are frequently found in masses of the rock, but it does not seem quite proved that they are those of the human family. Those that have been taken for them, are by many believed to belong to the monkey tribe, who have colonized the Rock. We saw a number of them about the cliffs, but not very near. It is singular these animals should be found so where else in the Spanish Peninsula, and be so numerous here. That and the additional circumstance of their appearing and disappearing at intervals, has induced a popular belief that they cross over to the African coast under the Straits. It is probable they take shelter at times from the rainy weather in the unexplored recesses of St. Michael's Cave.

The Walk to the signal station was excessively fatiguing. We breasted the way by gathering wild flowers and small shells; but after all we wished for the end of the much despised monkeys, and even thought our friend N. was a very sensible personage, when, by some round-about way, his vigilant sentinels brought forth his black weed wherever it was possible to use him.—

It was offered to me, but I had started with a determination to walk, and induced the other pedestrians, to do likewise; so there was no way for it but to reluctantly insist that walking two or three miles up steep hill was a delightful exercise.

The road makes several sharp angles, for it has been gashed with great labor from the sheep-hill side, and makes several detours before it reaches the summit. The summit, however, once gained, the magnificent view it commands fully repays the toil. In one direction the eye wanders far to seawards, overlevel except by perhaps a ship in two; one may be gliding along the base as you look down the natural wall. Far down the cliffs and more at the right hand is an enchanting wilderness of crags, and grottoes, and quaint houses.—Roads thread in a just perceptible line, and fairy bridges cross places that never seemed destined to be visited by man.

In the midst of this noble prospect, in her frons of hills and villages, lies the Bay of Gibraltar. Every thing looks smaller from our eagle's perch, and more beautiful. A hundred sail of all nations and sizes are riding like a flock of birds on the calm blue water; and when some boat passes from one to another, it looks like a nutshell. The to-be-summit is not the least interesting part of the scene. A level space on the top of the mountain, at least a thousand feet above the sea, walled at the very brink of the precipice, just large enough to hold a little cottage and an old Moorish tower—it is the most isolated spot that can be imagined.—Talk of hiding in a sweet, sequestered valley. When I turn hermit, I will establish myself on the peak of a mountain, and live alone with Nature.

The Sergeant who has charge of the signals has a bluff, good-natured face, resembling a picture I have seen somewhere of Henry VIII. before he took to improving the morals of his Church and beheading his wives. He had a great many pretty articles made from the rocks; among other things, a three-gun battery. The miniature canon, carriages and platform were of the variegated agate that is found about the Rock, and in the caverns in great abundance, but is not as some think abraded, the principal material of the mountain—that is common limestone.

After some roasting we went to St. Michael's Cave a great natural curiosity, not far from the signal station. We were not prepared to penetrate it far, nor even set out to the best advantage. It is full of fissures and narrow passages of unfathomed mystery.

Lives have been lost in attempting to explore them; and a gate has been placed at the entrance. This caused to the magic of a piece of silver, and we descended a wet but easy slope into the great hall of the cavern. Imagine a cathedral built by giants and fallen to ruins, with all its labor carvings and ornaments broken yet polished by time. Some immense pillars supported the arched domes; others, on some seemed broken, the base still resting on the floor, and the capital adhering to the lofty roof. Rubious statues were there, too, corroded by time's effacing finger; it is true, but wonderfully in keeping with the general features of the place. One of them really bears a resemblance to a human bust on a pedestal. On the left, perhaps forty feet from the entrance, is a rude stone table. Beyond, the floor ascends, and the cave contracts into a winding corridor, with a pool of water on the left, and a wall of rock broken into fissures and recesses that extend far back on the right. The pillars are composed of petrifications that are susceptible of a fine polish.

I was charged by an esteemed friend to send a specimen home to him. I did not forget the absent, and the poor servant was buried with honor from St. Michael's cave.

JOSÉPHINE.

From the Ohio Eagle.

**The elevation of Mr. Webster to the head of Gen. Harrison's administration, makes opposition a duty, if we passed every thing else."**

Phid. Spirit of the Times.

This above is a capital argument for the Democracy to begin on in their opposition to the present federal rulers. Nothing like feeling a conscientious sense of duty in whatever we engage. And does the cause warrant the conclusion in the declaration quoted? To answer this we must enquire who is Mr. Webster? Is it the Daniel Webster, who, at the time, and ever since, denied the justice of the part of America in the war with England? Aye, the same—the very same. "He denied," says the Times, "its justice, though the English had captured three hundred of our merchant vessels, nearly all piratically! He denied its justice, though more than six thousand of our seamen had been impressed, not a single one of whom they had a right to touch, and a portion of whom they afterwards shot down Hartmann, like wild beasts! He denied its justice, though our very coast and harbors had been again and again violated by their bloody aggressions; our people murdered by their cannon shot off New York,—but loads of them returned wounded and dying to Norfolk when the Chesapeake was attacked within our limits!

Yes, Democrats of the Union,—opposition to the present Administration will be opposed until whose entire life has been almost exclusively American, and without exception, anti-Democratic.

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on July 1, 1813, voted against the bill to raise money to carry on the war?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on January 7, 1814, voted against a bill to recruit the army of his country?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on January 10, 1814, voted against a bill to prohibit slaves and spirit?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on January 22, 1814, voted in a minority of 7 against the bill to enlist troops for the war?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on March 29, 1814, voted that the militia should not be called out to execute the laws and repel invasion?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on December 10, 1814, voted against a bill to defend the frontier?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on December 19, 1814, voted against this bill to pay the expenses of the war, and rebuild the capital which the British destroyed?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, on January 7, 1814, voted against an appropriation of one million dollars for defeating the enemies of the Navy?

Is it not a duty to oppose a man who, except in the defeat of our arms, and the horrors amidst us, to the savages in the following street?

"This is not the entertainment to which we were invited. We are told that those disappointments are owing to the opposition which the war encounters. This is no new state, it is the constant tune of every weak, or wicked administration."

If persevering outvoters to oppose and thwart the Government of their country in the hour of danger and difficulty, constitutes a Democrat, then Mr. Webster is one of magnitude; and if a systematic and unscrupulous hostility to the last war is evidence of diplomatic talents, as well as of genuine patriotism, Mr. Webster will make an excellent Secretary of State.

In 1836, when war with France was anticipated, it was proposed to confide the means of our defense to President Jackson conditionally; and Mr. Webster declared in the Senate that he would not vote for the bill, if the enemy were battering down the walls of the capitol. His federal friend John Q. Adams, could not hear Mr. Webster encourage the enemy to demolish our Capitol and remain silent. He took occasion to declare in the House of Representatives that Mr. Webster had only to take another step and go over to the enemy."

Fellow Citizens! such is our outline of the political character of the man whom the President has recalled into his cabinet as chief Minister. Do you still love your country? Are you still anxious to do your duty in reference to the welfare of our country? If so, armise to a sense of your danger.

Are the demands of England, made at this time, founded upon less injustice than those which Mr. Webster justified? We doubt not, what then may we not fear for the result of the final adjustment of present difficulties with that country. Presently—join in heart and action in the same sentiment:

**"Opposition to the President's administration is a duty."**

There being nothing to hope, and all to fear.

MITCHELL THE FORGER.—This celebrated financier and moralist is in Montreal. Such a figure is a letter from that city, which will be found in our money article to-day. He has been living there in gambling houses and places of ill-fame, just as he was accustomed to do in Washington with his colleagues in interests and patrons of both Houses.

How did Mitchell get to Montreal? Were not his friends Webb and Ward acquainted with the fact? The Courier published his private note, giving out that he had gone to Texas. Was not this done to facilitate the rogue's escape, and did not the Governor, after all, release him? Were they not afraid of Mitchell taking some of their secrets? Can the bold son of Albion, State banker and Whig under the Governor, after all, release him? They are not afraid of Mitchell going against him? Just give him a clear track, a smooth keeping, only one competitor, and he can beat them so bad—don't mention it.

ALBINOUS SAINTS.—The body of General Wayne, who died 30 or 30 years ago, at Erie, Pa., and was buried near the Lake, was recently disinterred and removed by bis son, and was reburied in a very perfect state of preservation. Those who had known Gen. Wayne, recognized his features at once. This extraordinary preservation is accounted for in Salmon's Journal, by the fact that the body had been buried in a casket of pitch, and strongly impregnated with a solution of alum.

VIRGINIA.—The result of the election in Virginia is favorable to the democrats—next week we will give the particulars if the full results are received.

From the St. Louis Bulletin.  
**MURDER, BURGLARY AND ARSON.**

We never before had occasion to record such a complication of crime in a single transaction as was presented to our upped citizens on the night of Saturday last. About nine o'clock the alarm of fire was given by the flames bursting out of the windows and various parts of the large stone store on the corner of Pine and Water streets, the front on Water street, occupied by Messrs. Simmonds & Morrison, and the rear by Mr. Pettus as a banking house, formerly Collier & Pettus. At the time of the discovery it was evident that the building had been fired in several parts, and the flames had made such progress that it was impossible to save either the house or any of its contents.

That it was the work of an incendiary was apparent. Several gentlemen who arrived early, after some difficulty forced open the door of the banking house, and through the smoke discovered a body lying on the floor near the stove. The body was taken out before the fire had reached it, and found to be that of Mr. Jacob Weaver, a young man clerk in the store of Messrs. Van Phul & McGuff. Mr. Weaver was found in the dress he had worn during the day, but his head was dreadfully mangled. He had been shot thro' the head, the ball entering above the left eye, and so near had the weapon been to him that his face was blackened with the powder and the little finger nearly cut off, apparently by the ball. His head was also cut open in several places, the wounds appearing to have been made with a bowie knife or hatchet.

Near to him, in the same room, was found the last and haukerchief of Mr. Baker, but no trace of his body could be discovered. It is conjectured that he had been killed either in the bed room or some other part of the store, and that his body lies buried in the earth. Mr. B.'s body is since found.

In the banking house there was a large safe vault in which it is at all times a large sum of money, and it is supposed that the murderer was committed with a view of entering that vault. Mr. Baker left his house about nine for the store, and has not been seen since. Mr. Weaver was in company with a number of young gentlemen at the pin office, until about eleven o'clock, when he went to the store, and about that time he arrived the report of two pistol or gun were heard in that direction by the people in the vicinity, but from the reprehensible frequency of such reports, excited no attention. After the murder, they doubled back the house in several places within a very few days of the election. But the announcement of his name was hauled by the democrats with the utmost satisfaction and they rallied to his support as a man who deserved at the hands of the democrats their undivided suffrages. His efforts upon the stump during the last Presidential canvass, having been selected as an elector for the purpose by a Democratic Convention in contending his two present competitors was fresh in the recollection of the Democracy; Smith and McCarty were both electors also, but they were as unsuccessful then in endeavoring to drive him from the field, as they were now in encompassing the district with his enemies.

The vote given shows that all the candidates were exceedingly popular at home. It is always a source of satisfaction to every voter to know that he did not cast his suffrage for a man who was not favorably regarded where he was best known. With this view of the case the friends of each candidate can recognize the vote they gave with the utmost propriety—and particularly so in regard to the friends of Mr. Kennedy, who appears to be sufficiently popular both at home and abroad to elect him by a wide majority, and that too without the aid of certificates.

THE SPECIAL ELECTION.

Partial returns only have been received from the other districts in the State but it is probable that the Whigs have succeeded in the first building, having all fallen in, Mr. Asa S. Kimball, first engineer of the Union Fire Company, was standing on the sidewalk on Pine street playing on the fire through a window, when the wall suddenly gave way and fell outwards into the street, and he was caught and crushed beneath the falling mass. His remains in a few minutes were disinterred from the ruins, but the vital spark had fled.

POLITICS.—The news of Baker's murder, at 10 o'clock the morning of Friday last was obtained from the ruins. It was not long before the door of the bank vault, where it had doubtless fallen when the fire gave way. The body is riddled; the flesh parts of the head and neck are entirely consumed, leaving merely the bone down to the shoulder. He was stripped in a piecemeal of flesh of course, and had his pants loose. There is a general conjecture from all the enclosures is that the young man bearing the villain at work at the door of the vault, after his return to the store, went thither and there despatched him.

WEAR.—We will rejoice to pause here in this record, but there is yet a tale of woe to be told. About the break of day, the interior of the first building, having all fallen in, Mr. Asa S. Kimball, first engineer of the Union Fire Company, was standing on the sidewalk on Pine street playing on the fire through a window, when the wall suddenly gave way and fell outwards into the street, and he was caught and crushed beneath the falling mass. His remains in a few minutes were disinterred from the ruins, but the vital spark had fled.

Yesterdays Companion, for May.—This excellent publication is on our table, and as usual, well filled with original matter. Our embassies are equal to those of any previous number.

THE GUILLOTINE IN MOTION.—In addition to a large number of removals made by the President lately, we notice the removal of forty weighers and inspectors in the New York Custom House in one day, Saturday the 1st inst.

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## FORT WAYNE SENTINEL



We are authorized to announce M. S. WINES

as a candidate to represent Allen County in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are requested to announce DAVID B.

COPPERHORN Esq., as a candidate to represent the county of Allen in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are authorized to announce LOTTE S.

BAILEY as a candidate to represent the county of Allen, in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are authorized to announce MORRISON

WILSON as a candidate to represent the counties of Allen, Adams, Wells and Huntington.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH SIN-

CLEAR, as a candidate to represent the counties of Allen, Adams, Huntington and Wells, in the State Senate.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE

WRIGHT, as a candidate for Treasurer of Allen County.

We are authorized to announce S. M. BLACK

Esq., as a candidate for County Assessor, at the Antislavery election.

We are authorized to nominate JARED DAR-

ROW as a candidate to represent the counties of Huntington, Wells and Blackford, in the lower House of the next Legislature.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1841.

**Chapman is crowning a**

**giant and Kennedy is**

**elected to Congress!**

Every exchange paper we receive con-

sists by letters the Democrats of the dis-

trict, and we would here say, that such a

course appears to us improper if not highly

inconsistent.

While speaking upon the subject of office

holders we will add in regard to others, that

we have no disposition to censure democrats

who voted for Mr. McCarty—some had

pledged themselves to do, without reservo-

r, not expecting that Kennedy would be con-

ductable. Others again were induced to bu-

liru through the influence in some instances

(probably of those who knew better) that he

did not expect to be elected, but was runn-

ing to aid Smith, and preferring McCarty

to him, cast their votes accordingly. But

while we do not censure others, it is a source

of gratification to us to know, that in advanc-

ing the election of Mr. Kennedy we spoke



ad rendered were incessant. So completely worn out was the President that at Baltimore he had to shake hands by proxy.

He came to Washington, marched on foot through the snow and rain for one of the most disagreeable days of last winter, to the City Hall, where he was surrounded by the Mayor, and delivered an address in reply, and was then taken in his lodgings—but not to rest. There was no rest for him. The privacy of his own rooms could not shelter him from the cry of “Give! Give!” “Give!” Can this be denied by any one who was acquainted with what transpired during the few days after the President reached the city?

He went to Virginia, to visit the home of his childhood, and the scenes of early life; but we are told that on his way thither, whilst there and on the road back, his mind was kept almost constantly on the stretch by applications to consider claims for office. The few days that intervened before the inauguration he had to suffer the infliction of the impurities of the office, beggary, members of Congress, who had the knowledge of, and access to, his whereabouts.

The day of inauguration came:

The old President was mounted on horseback, and instead of proceeding directly to the Capitol was marched by a circuitous route of nearly two miles through an atmosphere of dust. To use the language of one of his political friends when he arrived there, his dress was as white as a miller's, and he was so faint that alcohol and other appliances were required to bathe his head and temples. After speaking bareheaded in the open air for an hour and a half with a “trumpeted voice,” as was said, by a paper in this city, to the immense multitude present, he was again placed on horseback, and rode to the White House; but when he arrived there he was permitted to retire for rest and refreshment after the immense exertions of the day? Nay, he had to stand until the vast assemblage could be individually introduced to him. And, but a brief space before his death, several were dismissed from their employments.

Thus excited by continued applications, many of them of a commanding character, and the mortifying reflection that although he had denounced proscription, he was forced by those around him to do what he never intended, when leaving, his mind was continually running on the distresses inflicted on the many helpless families within hail of his own dwelling, and yet proscription was still pressed upon him! Who that has ever seen a man laboring in the last stage of inflammation affecting all his vital—the state in which the President died—does not know that when a *sabotus tenditum* comes on, and the suffering delirium, as was the case with the President, often interrupted by broken expressions—whilst the patient is pinching and pulling the bed clothes—the mind is ever and anon recurring to and dwelling on whatever was pressing on it and producing anxiety during health. This was the case with President Harrison. Hundreds of individuals had been here from the first of March demanding the places of others, whose proscription they insisted on. Their letters, their personal applications, were forced on the President and their claims were pressed by the Cabinet. At last, the President said that his political friends are not rewarded, his forces will be disbanded, and at the called session of Congress he will find himself in the minority. The work of execution is pressed on. The President is ill, absent from his family, without the attendance of the wife of his bosom, most of his children are distant. He held the friends who had accompanied him to Washington around him, but without the power to resist the torrent and receive his feelings. He bears only of his enemies, and who stand bare with them—some of them just on the eve of the President died—he recited their names—but where are those lovely women and children who have no bread? In this state, laboring under a delusion the last efforts of his distracted mind were turned towards the victims of the cruel policy of his cabinet, and expressions constantly escaped him deprecating the cruelties which he had endeavored to inure to areas. It was in this way President Harrison died, and who will say he was not persecuted to death?

At another time, two respectable gentlemen of this city called and found the President in the passage leading to the saloon. He asked them into the fire, and with a frankness that surprised them said: Gentlemen, I have been almost run down; I cannot stand it; this turning out of worthy men I will never consent to. Only just now, a beautiful young looking woman called on me and said: My husband is forced out of employment, and we are actually here in this expensive city having nothing to eat! My dear sirs, continued the President, it almost kills me; I can hardly stand it; the unworthy will not go out and the worthy shall not be turned out. Now this is a fact that can be established from good authority.

The immediate cause which worked up his feverish excitement into a paroxysm, was a chill produced by being caught in a light rain, being so closely beset as to be detained on his way home after a walk. But when ill, letter after letter came, bearing from this one and the other applications for office. Some of them were left in the hands of friends in this city, and never delivered. Kenton's majority will be about 1400 over McCarty, and about 1600 over Smith.

ANOTHER MORNING—Benjamin H. Martin, of one county, Arkansas, recently left a man the name of Stinson, with a note, at Clarksville, State of Indiana, that he had been ill for some time, and that he knew nothing of it, though it was affirmed that he did it. And, but a brief space before his death, several were dismissed from their employments.

Thus excited by continued applications, many of them of a commanding character, and the mortifying reflection that although he had denounced proscription, he was forced by those around him to do what he never intended, when leaving, his mind was continually running on the distresses inflicted on the many helpless families within hail of his own dwelling, and yet proscription was still pressed upon him! Who that has ever seen a man laboring in the last stage of inflammation affecting all his vital—the state in which the President died—does not know that when a *sabotus tenditum* comes on, and the suffering delirium, as was the case with the President, often interrupted by broken expressions—whilst the patient is pinching and pulling the bed clothes—the mind is ever and anon recurring to and dwelling on whatever was pressing on it and producing anxiety during health. This was the case with President Harrison. Hundreds of individuals had been here from the first of March demanding the places of others, whose proscription they insisted on. Their letters, their personal applications, were forced on the President and their claims were pressed by the Cabinet. At last,

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A LOOKER-ON.—The story that has been going the rounds of the Federal press, that Gen. Jackson had become insatiable by endeavoring extensively for a friend is roundly contradicted by the Nashville Union. We were greatly when we first saw the statement that it might be true, that his kind and generous disposition had induced him like thousands of others to hazard his own property to aid his friends and thus reduce himself to poverty. But we are happy to learn that it is not the case.

#### BARBERS POLE.

“From rock to rock but here turn in.” The origin of the Barber's Pole is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons, under the denomination of Barber-surgeons, or Barber-Chirurgeons, none other in former times being allowed on the post. To assist the operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or pole was always kept by the Barber-Surgeon, together with the fillet or bandaging used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use, tape was tied to it, that they might be forthcoming when wanted. On a person coming to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole, and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand; after it was done, it was again tied

on and in this state the pole and tape were often hung at the door for a sign or notice to passengers that they might there be bled. At length instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandaging, and thus came the sign.

#### RETURNS OFFICIAL AS FAR AS RECEIVED.

Dem.	Whig Nom.	Ind. W.	Kennedy, Smith, McCarty,
Allen,	275	144	361
Adams,	101	26	84
Staben,	104	85	41
Wayne,	1050	1351	935
Emerson,	549	460	115
Fayette,	656	625	288
Henry,	597	527	713
Delaware,	404	21	624
Randolph,	500	347	326
Huntington,	147	1	79
Nobles,	174	81	60
Grainger,	303	82	185
	4860	3650	2657

The balance of the counties are so imperfectly heard from that we shall not give the vote until the official canvass is received.

Kenton's majority will be about 1400 over McCarty, and about 1600 over Smith.

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An exchange paper says that the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman, next to her is man and then Berkshire pigs.

POLITICAL PINE.—Respecting the general term of its Legislature, it is to be noted that they at first declined proceeding but when pressed by a friend to go up and see the President, (the President,) frankly told them “Gentlemen, there never was a poor devil harassed as I am on earth; you must excuse me; good morning; I must go” and off he did go, before they had time to say “how are you?” much less good bye; and before they reached the front door he was a considerable distance on his way to the Treasury Department. A gentleman at the door seeing the condition of the President and the crowd in the house, significantly remarked, “Well I will agree to die, if it is not time to pull the latch string into the door of this log cabin.”

True copy—JAMES JOHNSON, J. P.

May 11, 1841. 47a

“From rock to rock but here turn in.”

The origin of the Barber's Pole is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons, under the denomination of Barber-surgeons, or Barber-Chirurgeons, none other in former times being allowed on the post. To assist the operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or pole was always kept by the Barber-Surgeon, together with the fillet or bandaging used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use, tape was tied to it, that they might be forthcoming when wanted. On a person coming to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole, and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand; after it was done, it was again tied

#### FORT WAYNE GUARDS

#### ATTENTION!

You will meet this evening at 7 o'clock

at the American House, for the purpose of

electing officers.

By order of the Company,

H. W. JONES, Secy.

May 15, 1841.

Temperance Meeting

There will be a meeting of the Allen County Temperance Society, on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at the Presbyterian Church.

May 15th, 1841.

Price Current

Of the City of Wayne, corrected weekly

for the Saturday Evening Post.

Flour per bushel, \$5.00

Wheat per bushel, 60 bushels per barrel, 200 bushels per barrel, 250 bushels per barrel, 300 bushels per barrel, 350 bushels per barrel, 400 bushels per barrel, 450 bushels per barrel, 500 bushels per barrel, 550 bushels per barrel, 600 bushels per barrel, 650 bushels per barrel, 700 bushels per barrel, 750 bushels per barrel, 800 bushels per barrel, 850 bushels per barrel, 900 bushels per barrel, 950 bushels per barrel, 1000 bushels per barrel, 1050 bushels per barrel, 1100 bushels per barrel, 1150 bushels per barrel, 1200 bushels per barrel, 1250 bushels per barrel, 1300 bushels per barrel, 1350 bushels per barrel, 1400 bushels per barrel, 1450 bushels per barrel, 1500 bushels per barrel, 1550 bushels per barrel, 1600 bushels per barrel, 1650 bushels per barrel, 1700 bushels per barrel, 1750 bushels per barrel, 1800 bushels per barrel, 1850 bushels per barrel, 1900 bushels per barrel, 1950 bushels per barrel, 2000 bushels per barrel, 2050 bushels per barrel, 2100 bushels per barrel, 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ad rendered were incessant. So completely worn out was the President that at Baltimore he had to shake hands by proxy.

He came to Washington, marched on foot, through the snow and rain for one of the most disagreeable days of last winter, to the City Hall, where he was harrangued by the Mayor, and delivered an address in reply, and was then taken to his lodgings—but not to rest. There was no rest for him. The privacy of his own rooms could not shelter him from the cry of "Give! Give!" "Give!" Can this be denied by any one who was acquainted with what transpired during the few days after the President reached the city?

He went to Virginia, to visit the home of his childhood, and the scenes of early life; but we are told that on his way thither, whilst there and on the road back, his mind was kept almost constantly on the stretch by applications to consider claims for office. The few days that intervened before the inauguration he had to suffer the infliction of the importunities of the office begging members of Congress, who had the knowledge of, and access to, his whereabouts.

The day of inauguration came:—The old President was mounted on horseback, and instead of proceeding directly to the Capitol was marched by a circuitous route of nearly two miles through an atmosphere of dust. To use the language of one of his political friends when he arrived there, "his dress was as white as a miller's, and he was so faint that alcohol and other appliances here required to bathe his head and temples." After speaking bareheaded in the open air for an hour and a half with a "trumptoned voice," as was said by a paper in this city, to the immense multitude present, he was again placed on horseback, and rode to the White House; but when he arrived there was he permitted to retire for rest and refreshment after the immense exertions of the day? Nay, he had to stand until the vast assemblage could be individually introduced to him. I have heard and believe that as the visitors came to offer their hands, professedly in congratulation, it was "Here, General, here are my letters;" and "Here, General, here are mine!" On one occasion he was so besieged that the Marshal of the District was called upon to relieve him. The Marshal went through the throng, which continued to crowd the apartments of the President's House, public and private, for several days after the inauguration, and expostulated with them; but all his efforts to induce the office claimants to leave, by urging the great press of public affairs on President, was in vain. Before attempting compulsory measures, this efficient public officer suggested to the President the experiment of appealing to their better feelings in a short address. He did so, but they still insisted in pressing their demands upon him, although, as he said, in no condition to attend to them at the moment. They came forward with their papers until his pockets were filled, his hat filled, and his arm filled. The Marshal was loaded in the same way, and still the crowd was reluctant to retire.

From the day of his inauguration until the day of his death, the avenues to his house were thronged, the house itself was crowded, as were the public offices. Demands—the most peremptory were made for the expulsion of the incumbents in office; and the old man was beset: when he walked out—in his office—at meal times—so that, to use an expression of his own to a gentleman—"Sir, I have hardly time to eat!" Once or twice it is said, he went to one of the public offices, and requested a messenger to show him a private room, to retire from the multitude of office seekers who pressed upon him.

Several respectable citizens, and several ministers of the Gospel who happened to be in the city, called at the President's House for the purpose of paying their respects. They found it—part of the private portion of it too—crowded with so many persons, that they at first declined proceeding; but when pressed by a friend to go up and see the President, he (the President) frankly told them "Gentlemen there never was a poor devil harassed as I am on earth; you must excuse me; good morning; I must go;" and off he did go, before they had time to say "how are you?" much less good bye, and before they reached the front door he was a considerable distance on his way to the Treasury Department. A gentleman at the door seeing the condition of the President and the crowd in the house, significantly remarked, "Well I will agree to die, if it is not time to pull the latch string into the door of this log cabin."

[Baltimore Clipper.]

JERUSALEM.—A letter has been received in New York, from a gentleman of high standing in the literary and diplomatic circles of Berlin dated Feb. 15th. The Commercial Advertiser, in commenting on return of the Jews to the East, says that the matter depends almost "simply upon a word from Prince Metternich and Lord Palmerston. We happen to know that a pamphlet was printed and circulated last summer in Berlin, urging upon the four powers the establishment of Palestine as an independent state, whether the Jews might return with an assurance of protection and security."—The same paper then proceeds to make the following extract from the letter to which we have alluded, observing that it serves to show that the subject has not been lost sight of, and is perhaps brought nearer to some important decision than the public has been aware of:

"The allies, having obtained their end in Syria, are somewhat at a loss how to dispose of their conquest. They are seriously thinking of setting up, or reviving, a Christian kingdom at Jerusalem—a project which seems to be received with favor at Vienna. But then what are they to do with the other Christian population of Syria? This is one of the questions which France has asked them. They are now very anxious to draw her from the isolated position into which they have forced her; as they find after all that they cannot permanently and satisfactorily settle the East without her concurrence.

"To those who have an opportunity of reading the diplomatic papers, it is curious and amusing to see the game that is going on between those faithful, confiding, and loving allies, England and Russia, in attempting to entice France to favor their respective projects in the Levant. Under the pretext of preserving peace among the different members of the great Mohammedan family, they have put at immediate hazard the peace of Christendom, and now effect to be very much surprised that the French should think of fortifying their capital.—Their real opinion is in favor of that project as a means of giving France additional strength, not merely for defensive war. Such is the opinion of the best military authorities here."

An exchange paper says that the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman, next to her man and then Berkshire pigs.

POLITICAL PIGS.—Massachusetts owes the present form of its Legislature to a pig. During the first years of the colony, both branches of the Legislature occupied the same chamber, and voted together; but, in the decision of a case involving the property of a pig, they then, and ever after occupied distinct chambers, and voted separately. The second instance of a pig's becoming distinguished in our Legislature was the case of the striped Pig.—*Advertiser.*

NOTICE is hereby given, that letters of Administration have been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Stephen Coles dec'd. All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, are notified to file them in the Clerk's Office, as the law directs. The said estate is supposed to be insolvent. LYDIA M. LAWLER, Adm'r. PATRICK McCARTY, Adm'r. Huntington, May, 3d, 1841. 46c.

TAKEN up by John Free, living in Otego Township, Steuben Co., at the corner of Elm and Main street, a white spot on the nose, and a white spot on the nose, and a white spot on the left hand foot, white, supposed to be seven years old, appraised at twenty-five dollars by Amos Ellis and Amos Stanclif. True copy. JAMES JOHNSON, J. P. May 14, 1841. 47c.

BARBERS POLE.

"Rove from POLE to POLE but here turn in."

The origin of the Barber's Pole is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons, under the denomination of Barber-surgeons, or Barber-Chirurgeons, none other in former times being allowed to "let blood."

To assist the operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or pole was always kept by the Barber-Surgeon, together with the fillet or bandaging used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use, tape was tied to it, that they might be forthcoming when wanted.

On a person coming to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole, and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand; after it was done, it was again tied

and in this state, the pole and tape were often hung at the door for sign or notice to "passenger" that they might there be bled. At length instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandaging, and thus came the sign.

#### RETURNS OFFICIAL AS FAR AS RECEIVED.

Dem.	Wag Nom.	Ind. W.	Kennedy, Smith, McCarty,
Alien,	275	144	261
Adams,	101	26	84
Staben,	104	85	41
Wayne,	1050	1351	935
Union,	549	460	111
Fayette,	656	525	26
Henry,	597	527	26
Delaware,	404	21	26
Randolph,	500	347	326
Huntington,	147	1	79
Noble,	174	81	60
Grant,	303	82	139
	4960	3650	3657

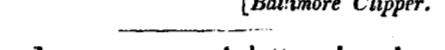
The balance of the counties are so imperfectly heard from that we shall not give the vote until the official canvass is received. Kennedy's majority will be about 1400 over McCarty, and about 1600 over Smith.

ANOTHER MURDER.—Becket H. Martin, of Pope county, Arkansas, recently killed a man by the name of Simon with a knife, in Clarksville, Johnson county. Court being in session at the time, the grand jury found a true bill for murder. Martin is well known throughout the State. He is a lawyer, and was the Wm. H. Jones, Sec'y.

JOSEPH CROW, Adm'r. May 13, 1841. 47c

[John H. Waugh, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER, One door west of Thompson & Jeffers Drug Store, Columbus Street.

BOOTS & SHOES constantly on hand of every description, made to order on the most accommodating terms. He is prepared to furnish Ladies with any article they may want in the Shoe line. Mending done at short notice with neatness and dispatch. City of Fort Wayne April 14, 1841. 43f



Saddles, Cheap For Cash.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he has on hand at his residence in Ewing's Addition, a good assortment of SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS, Colars, Saddle Biggs, Vaileces, &c., which he will sell cheap for cash.

Any persons indebted will please call and state the amount and account left in the hands of magistrate for collection. A. S. JOHN'S. May 15th 1841. 46p

NOTICE.—The Stockholders of the Fort Wayne and Maumee Bridge Company, are requested to meet at the office of John B. Dubois, Esq., in the City of Fort Wayne, on Wednesday next, at 2 o'clock P. M. on business of importance.

By order R. E. FLEMING, Sec'y. May 14th 1841. 47c

[John H. Waugh, FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER, One door west of Thompson & Jeffers Drug Store, Columbus Street.

NOTICE.—The co-partnership between Eli Q. Davis, Henry Williams, and Samuel Denman is this day dissolved by limitation, and Davis and Williams are hereby authorized to settle the accounts of Davis, Williams, & Co.

ELI Q. DAVIS, H. WILLIAMS, SAMUEL DENMAN. Fort Wayne, May 14th 1841.

The Building business will be continued at the shop of Davis & Williams.

The smallest favors thankfully received and promptly attended to. May 14th 1841. 47c

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1841.

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**Wabash & Erie****TRANSPORTATION CO.**

**T**HIS SUBSCRIBERS will commence running at the opening of navigation on the Wabash and Erie Canal, THE LINE OF Boats for passengers and freight from Lafayette, Indiana, to points in Ohio, 6 miles beyond the Indiana State line, making 146 miles.

The Boats will meet **Neal, Moore, & C°.** Line of Stages at the head of the Canal in Ohio, which they will continue to run in their usual good style to the Lake.

Also an excellent line of boats on the Maumee River will be regularly running from the same place to the Lake for the purpose of carrying goods and passengers.

Steamboats and stages are running in all directions from Lafayette, and stages running North and South from Logansport, which will afford every facility to travellers that can be required, and far exceeding any previous arrangements.

Pass will be reduced to as to meet the expectations of a generous public.

**SAM'L MAHON,**  
**L. G. THOMPSON,**  
**COPARET,**

**F**ort Wayne, April 7, 1841.  
N. B. Stages will be put on between Lafayette and Fort Wayne in connection with the present line to the Lake, so as to have no interruption in the fall; so that in future there will be no interruption to travel through this region at any season of the year.

The papers at Lafayette, Logansport, and Perryville, will please publish this notice until April 20th.

**1841**

**1841**

**OPPOSITION!**

The Good Intent line of Packet &

**Freight Boats**

**W**ILLS commence running regularly from Lafayette to the State Line, in a few days. Passengers travelling by this line will meet with every attention that can add to their comfort.

Flight of all descriptions will be conveyed to the different points on the Canal at prices sufficiently low to assure the public that this line is not got up to carry on the extortion so long practised by the old line. It is hoped the public will not forget that this line is intended to step between their purse and the bare-faced extortion that has already commenced with the starting of the old monopoly line.

For the benefit of W. B. D. MAHON, agent.

N. B. We will not pay him much, but not full half of it; but promise less than we mean to perform. Passengers by this line will meet with the same opportunities of conveyance on the Maumee river as by the other lines as the River boats vary from two to three days in their passage, according to the stage of the river.

April 22, 1841.

**THE LADIE'S COMPANION,**  
**A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,**

Published in the city of New York, by W. W. SNODEN, established in 1834.

**T**HIS LADIE'S COMPANION whose circulation in every state in the Union in reference to both extent and amount, is probably unexampled in the history of periodicals of its elevated pretensions and character, is published monthly in the City of New York. Thus established in popular favor, after a progress of many years, with unfailing popularity and regularity—indeed with a type peculiar to itself, and with engravings, prepared in every instance expressly for the work, careful selection of subjects, enriched constantly with fashionable and popular music, superintended in every department, with the most scrupulous care for its excellence in every particular, and filled with articles from the pens of the most popular, renowned, and talented writers of every country or English-speaking nation, it is by means of unvaried and unexampled pretensions to this claim for "Ladie's Companion" the proud elevation being a Standard National Magazine!

Looking with a jealous eye to the honor of American literature, as well as to emoluments, it is the endeavor of the proprietor of the "Companion," to be governed by principles of the broadest liberality; and to offer no pledge to the public which cannot be fairly and fully redeemed, that every premium given in payment of the annual subscription, is a full confirmation of this, every reader is assured to; and thus exactness, it is supposed, will be a sufficient guarantee for the future. Authors of the highest celebrity are engaged as regular contributors for the ensuing volume, and it is hoped that the most honored interpretation will be given to the association. The publisher and proprietor would soon ascertain the number of names of subscribers, a single one of which could not be justly claimed as a contributor, but the public is assured that communication has been held with all authors whose names are employed in this exposition of the work, and their aid actually secured; and that the great majority of the pages of every number of the "Companion" is filled with the efforts of their genius, thus rendering the render-er ever so rich a mental feast.

After this explanation, the proprietor of the "Companion" proudly directs attention to his promised Contributors:

Miss C. Eliza—Lydia H. Sigourney, Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. Sabine Smith, Mrs. E. E. Eliot, Mrs. Hubbard, (Eng.) Anna Maria Wells, Ann S. Stephens, Hannah F. Gould; Caroline Orme, Miss Mary Ann Brown, (Eng) Miss A. M. F. Buchanan, Miss C. F. Orme, Mrs. Emily W. Ellsworth, Mrs. M. St Leon Loux, Professor J. H. Ingram, Professor Fisher, Professor H. Longfellow, Mrs. Webster, Rev. Dr. C. L. Clinton, Rev. Charles Constantine Piss, Rev. A. Lincoln, B. S. Woodworth; Chief Justice Mellen, of Maine; Park Benjamin, Oliver W. Homes of Boston; Henry T. Tuckerman; Rufus Dower; Robert Hamilton; William P. Tappin; Greenville Melton; A. B. Thacher; Isaac C. Pray; C. P. Morris.

H. Hastings, Alfred B. Street, C. F. Donnells; Alexander MacKenzie Philadelphian, Horatio Greenough; Miss author of the "Yankee," "Dawn Eastern," etc.; Charlotte Gilman, Bangor, Me.; John W. Casey.

Sebas. Smith; Albert Pike; T. S. Arthur, Baltic; Josias Phillips, Charles F. M. Deems, Alexander C. Draper, M. D., Philadelphia.

**TERMS AND CONDITIONS.**

The ladies' companion is to be paid at Three Dollars a year, payable in advance, or four dollars during each year. Each number contains forty-eight pages of letter press. The work is published quarterly on the first of every month, and is forwarded by the earliest mail, stoutly enveloped. No volumes commence with the May and November numbers.

Persons residing in those states where no small bills are issued, can enclose by mail a full double note and credit will be given for the full amount.

**WILLIAM W. SHOWDEN,**

100 Fulton Street N. Y.

**T**HE subscriber will take horses in keeping for the week, on moderate terms.

**THOMAS VAN ANDA,**

Fort Wayne, Nov. 21, 1840.

**T**HE subscriber will hire out horses by the day to persons who hire horses for their riding, will do healing in any town.

**THOMAS VAN ANDA,**

Fort Wayne, Nov. 21, 1840.

**Jew Davids****OR****HEBREW PLASTER.**

**T**HIS Recipe, obtained of an old Jew by a traveler in the eastern countries, bids fair to be of immense value in the Western world. Since this Plaster has been introduced into America, it has been discontinued by all who have had an opportunity of testing its medical virtues. The Jew, or Hebrew Plaster, though simple, is powerful, and will prevail with an enlightened community, over all the puffed and fictitious affidavits with which the world is flooded. The sterling worth of this plaster is recognized, appreciated, and its use advocated by the highest classes of society. One simultaneous burst of approbation arises from the thousands who have used it, that when it does not fail of recovering the patronage of an intelligent public.

The peculiarities of this Chemical Compound, are owing to its extraordinary effects upon the animal fibre or nerves, ligaments and muscles, its virtues being carried by them to the immediate seat of disease or pain and weakness. However good any internal remedy may be, it is still more satisfactory to its thirty five thousand and of Patronage, than any other medical virtue of the Union. Every exertion will be made to keep equal pace with the advancement of all its competitors, as it has heretofore done, and all the facilities which his extensive Printing Establishment can afford, with the aid of his numerous Literary correspondents, at home and abroad, shall be united to make the **MESSENGER** still more satisfactory to its thirty five thousand and of Patronage, than any other medical virtue of the Union. 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